Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
And at the banckes of Anly meete us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall finde
The moytie of a number, for a busines,
More bigger look't; since that our Theame is haste
I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,
Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewell my beauteous Sister: *Pyrithous*
Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.
Pirithous. Sir
Ile follow you at heeles; The Feasts solempnity
Shall want till your returne.
Thes. Cosen I charge you
Boudge not from Athens; We shall be returning
Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
Make no abatement; once more farewell all.
1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o'th world.
2. *Qu.* And earnst a Deity equal with Mars,
3. *Qu.* If not above him, for
Thou being but mortall makest affections bend
To Godlike honours; they themselves some say
Grone under such a Mastry.
Thes. As we are men
Thus should we doe, being sensually subdude
We loose our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Florish.*
Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite.*

Arcite. Deere *Palamon*, deerer in love then Blood
And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty
Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our glosse of youth,
And here to keepe in abstinence we shame
As in Incontinence; for not to swim
I'th aide o'th Current, were almost to sincke,

At least to frustrate striving
The common Streame, two
Where we should turne o
Our gaine but life, and weal
Pal. Your advice
Is cride up with example: w
Since first we went to Sch
Walking in Thebs? Skars
The gaine o'th Martialist,
To his bold ends, honour, a
Which though he won, he
By peace for whom he fou
To *Marsis* so scornd *Alt*
When such I meete, and wi
Resume her ancient fit of *I*
To get the Soldier worke,
For her repletion, and retai
Her charitable heart now h
Then strife, or war could be
Arcite, Are you not cu
Meete you no ruine, but th
The Cranckes, and turnes o
As if you met decaies of ma
Perceive you none, that do
But th'un-considerd Soldier
Pal. Yes, I pitty
Decaies where ere I finde th
That fwearing in an honour
Are paide with yce to coole
Arcite, Tis not this
I did begin to speake of: Th
Of no respect in Thebs, I spa
How dangerous if we will k
It is for our residing, where
Hath a good cullor; where ev
A certaine evill, where not t
As they are, here were to be
Such things to be meere Mont

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C